



Christ Church Cathedral.

SACRED ORATORIO,



"THE CRUCIFIXION."



A Meditation on the Sacred Passion of the Holy Redeemer.

—BY—

SIR JOHN STAINER,

—ON—

Thursday, March 15th, 1894, and Good Friday, March 23rd, 1894,

AT 8 O'CLOCK P. M.

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STAINER'S "CRUCIFIXION."

RECIT.—"AND THEY CAME TO A PLACE
NAMED GETHSEMANE."

And they came to a place named Gethsemane, and
Jesus saith to His disciples: Sit ye here while I shall
pray.

SOLO.—THE AGONY.

Could ye not watch with me one brief hour?
Could ye not pity my sorest need?
Ah! if ye sleep while the tempests lower,
Surely, my friends, I am alone indeed.

CHORUS.

Jesu, Lord Jesu, bowed in bitter anguish, and bearing
all the evil we have done,
Oh, teach us, teach us how to love Thee for Thy love;
Help us to pray, and watch and mourn with Thee.

SOLO.

Could ye not watch with Me one brief hour?
Did ye not say upon Kedron's slope,
Ye would not fall into the Tempter's power?
Did ye not murmur great words of hope?

CHORUS—Jesu, Lord Jesu, etc.

SOLO.

Could ye not watch with Me? even so:
Willing in heart, but the flesh is vain.
Back to Mine agony I must go,
Lonely to pray in bitterest pain.

RECITATIVE.

And they laid their hands on Him, and took Him, and
led Him away, to the high priest, and the high priest
asked Him and said unto Him, Art Thou the Christ, the
Son of the Blessed? Jesus said, I am: and ye shall see
the Son of man sitting on the right hand of power, and
coming in the clouds of heaven. Then the high priest
rent his clothes and saith: What need we any further
witnesses? Ye have heard the blasphemy. And they
all condemned Him to be guilty of death. And they
bound Jesus and carried Him away, and delivered Him
to Pilate. And Pilate, willing to content the people,
released Barabbas unto them, and delivered Jesus, when
he had scourged Him, to be crucified. And the soldiers
led Him away.

PROCESSIONAL TO CALVARY.

CHORUS.

Fling wide the gates! for the Saviour waits
To tread in His Royal way;
He has come from above in His power and love,
To die on this Passion day.
His Cross is the sign of a love divine,
His crown is the thorn-wreath of woe,
He bears His load on the sorrowful road,
And bends 'neath the burden low.
Fling wide the gates! for the Saviour waits
To tread in His Royal way,
He has come from above in His power and love
To die on this Passion day.

SOLO.

How sweet is the grace of His sacred Face,
And lovely beyond compare,
Though weary and worn, with the merciless scorn
Of a world He has come to spare.
The burden of wrong that earth bears along,
Past evil and evil to be,
All sins of man since the world began
They are laid, dear Lord, on Thee.

CHORUS.

Then on to the end, my God and my Friend,
With Thy banner lifted high!
Thou art come from above, in Thy power and love,
To endure and suffer and die.
Fling wide the gates! the Saviour waits,
Then on to the end, my God and my friend, to suffer,
endure and die.

RECIT.—"AND WHEN THEY WERE COME."

And when they were come to the place called Calvary,
there they crucified Him, and the malefactors, one on the
right, and the other on the left.

THE MYSTERY OF THE DIVINE
HUMILIATION.

To be sung by the Congregation and Choir, all standing.

Cross of Jesus, Cross of Sorrow,
Where the blood of Christ was shed,
Perfect man on thee was tortured,
Perfect God on thee has bled.

Here the King of all the ages,
Throned in light ere worlds could be,
Robed in mortal flesh is dying,
Crucified by sin for me.

O mysterious condescending!
O abandonment sublime!
Very God Himself is bearing
All the sufferings of time!

Evermore for human failure
By His Passion we can plead;
God has borne all mortal anguish,
Surely He will know our need.

This—all human thought surpassing—
This is earth's most awful hour,
God has taken mortal weakness!
God has laid aside His power!

Once the Lord of brilliant seraphs,
Winged with Love to do His Will,
Now the scorn of all His creatures,
And the aim of every ill.

Up in Heaven, sublimest glory
Circled round Him from the first;
But the earth finds none to serve Him,
None to quench His raging thirst.

STAINER'S "CRUCIFIXION."

Who shall fathom that descending,
From the rainbow-circled throne,
Down to earth's most base profaning,
Dying desolate alone.

From the "Holy, Holy, Holy,
We adore Thee, O most High,"
Down to earth's blaspheming voices
And the shout of "Crucify."

Cross of Jesus, Cross of Sorrow,
Where the blood of Christ was shed,
Perfect man on thee was tortured,
Perfect God on thee has bled!

RECIT.—"HE MADE HIMSELF OF NO
REPUTATION."

He made himself of no reputation, and took upon Him
the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of
men; and being found in fashion as a man, He hum-
bled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the
death of the cross.

SOLO.—THE MAJESTY OF THE DIVINE
HUMILIATION.

King ever glorious! King ever glorious!
The dews of death are gathering round Thee,
Upon the Cross Thy foes have bound Thee,
Thy strength is gone.
Not in Thy Majesty,
Robed in Heaven's supremest splendour;
But in weakness and surrender
Thou languish here.
Who can be like Thee?
Pilate high in Zion dwelling?
Rome with arms the world compelling?
Proud tho' they be!
Thou art sublime.
Far more awful in Thy weakness,
More than kingly in Thy meekness,
Thou Son of God, Thou Son of God.
Glory and honour;
Let the world divide and take them;
Crown its monarchs and unmake them,
But thou wilt reign.
Here in a basement, crownless, poor, disrobed and bleeding
There, in glory interceding,
Thou art the King!

RECIT.—"AND AS MOSES LIFTED UP THE
SERPENT."

And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness,
even so must the Son of Man be lifted up: that who-
soever believeth in Him, should not perish, but have
everlasting life.

QUARTETTE.—"GOD SO LOVED THE WORLD."

God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten
Son, that whoso believeth in Him should not perish, but
have everlasting life. For God sent not His Son into the
world to condemn the world; But that the world through
Him might be saved.

LITANY OF THE PASSION.

To be sung by the Congregation and Choir, all kneeling.

Holy Jesu, be Thy Passion,
By the woes which none can share,
Borne in more than kingly fashion,
By Thy love beyond compare:
Crucified, I turn to Thee,
Son of Mary, plead for me.

By the treachery and trial,
By the blows and sore distress,
By desertion and denial,
By Thine awful loneliness:
Crucified, I turn to Thee,
Son of Mary, plead for me.

By Thy look so sweet and lowly,
While they smote Thee on the Face,
By Thy patience, calm and holy,
In the midst of keen disgrace:
Crucified, I turn to Thee,
Son of Mary, plead for me.

By the hour of condemnation,
By the blood which trickled down,
When for us and our salvation,
Thou didst wear the robe and crown:
Crucified, I turn to Thee,
Son of Mary, plead for me.

By the path of sorrows dreary
By the Cross, Thy dreadful load,
By the pain, when, faint and weary,
Thou didst sink upon the road:
Crucified, I turn to Thee,
Son of Mary, plead for me.

By the Spirit which could render
Love for hate and good for ill,
By the mercy sweet and tender,
Poured upon thy murderers still:
Crucified, I turn to Thee,
Son of Mary, plead for me.

RECIT.—"JESUS SAID, FATHER FORGIVE
THEM."

Jesus said, "Father, forgive them, for they know not
what they do."

DUET.—"SO THOU LIFTEST THY DIVINE
PETITION."

So Thou liftest Thy Divine petition.
Pierc'd with cruel anguish through and through;
So, thou grieve'st o'er our lost condition,
Pleading, "Ah, they know not what they do."
Oh! 'twas love, in love's divinest feature,
Passing o'er that dark and murderous blot,
Finding e'en for each low fallen creature,
Tho' they slay Thee, one redeeming spot.
Yea! and still Thy patient Heart is yearning
With a love that mortal scarce can bear.
Thou in pity, deep, divine and burning
Lifest e'en for me Thy mighty prayer.
So thou pleadest, e'en for my transgression,
Bidding me look up, and trust, and live;
So Thou murmurest Thine intercession,
Bidding me look up, and trust, and live;
So Thou pleadest,
Yea, he knew not, for my sake forgive.

THE MYSTERY OF INTERCESSION.

To be sung by the Choir and Congregation, all standing.

Jesus, the Crucified, pleads for me,
While he is nailed to the shameful tree,
Scorned and forsaken, derided and curst,
See how His enemies do their worst!
Yet, in the midst of the torture and shame,
Jesus, the Crucified, breathes my name!
Wonder of wonders, oh! how can it be?
Jesus, the Crucified, pleads for me!

STAINER'S "CRUCIFIXION."

Lord, I have left Thee, I have denied,
Followed the world in my selfish pride;
Lord, I have joined in the hateful cry,
Slay Him, away with Him, crucify.
Lord, I have done it, oh! ask me not how;
Woven the thorns of Thy tortured Brow!
Yet in his pity, so boundless and free,
Jesus, the Crucified, pleads for me!

Though thou has left Me and wandered away,
Chosen the darkness instead of the day;
Though thou art covered with many a stain,
Though thou hast wounded Me oft and again,
Though thou hast followed thy wayward will,
Yet, in My pity, I love thee still;
Wonder of wonders it ever must be!
Jesus, the Crucified, pleads for me.

Jesus is dying in agony sore,
Jesus is suffering more and more,
Jesus is bowed with the weight of His woe,
Jesus is faint with each bitter throe,
Jesus is bearing it all in my stead,
Pity Incarnate for me has bled;
Wonder of wonders it ever must be!
Jesus, the Crucified, pleads for me.

RECIT.—"AND ONE OF THE MALEFACTORS."

And one of the malefactors which were hanged railed on Him, saying: "If thou be the Christ save thyself and us." But, the other answering, rebuked him, saying: "Dost not thou fear God seeing thou art in the same condemnation? And we indeed justly; for we receive the due reward of our deeds: but this man hath done nothing amiss." And he said unto Jesus: "Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy Kingdom." And Jesus said unto him: "Verily, I say to thee, to-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise."

THE ADORATION OF THE CRUCIFIED.

To be sung by the Choir and Congregation, all standing.

I adore Thee, I adore Thee!
Glorious ere the world began;
Yet more wonderful Thou shinest,
Though divine, yet still divinest
In Thy dying love for man.

I adore Thee, I adore Thee!
Thankful at Thy feet to be;
I have heard Thy accent thrilling,
Lo! I come, for Thou art willing
Me to pardon, even me.

I adore Thee, I adore Thee.
Born of woman, yet divine:
Stained with sins I kneel before Thee,
Sweetest Jesu, I emplace Thee,
Make me ever only Thine.

RECIT.—"WHEN JESUS THEREFORE SAW HIS MOTHER."

When Jesus therefore saw His Mother and the disciple standing by, whom He loved; He saith unto His Mother: "Woman! behold thy son." Then saith He to the disciple: "Behold thy mother!"

There was darkness over all the earth. And at the ninth hour Jesus cried with a loud voice, saying, "My God! My God! why hast Thou forsaken me."

RECIT.—IS IT NOTHING TO YOU.

Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? Behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto My sorrow, which is done unto Me, wherewith the Lord hath afflicted Me in the day of His fierce anger.

THE APPEAL OF THE CRUCIFIED.

From the Throne of His Cross, the King of grief
Cries out to a world of unbelief:
Oh! men and women, afar and nigh,
Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?
I laid my eternal power aside,
I came from the Home of the Glorified,
A babe in the lowly cave to lie.
Is it nothing to you all ye that pass by?
I wept for the sorrows and pains of men,
I healed them and helped them and loved them, but
then, but then,
They shouted against me, "Crucify! Crucify."
Is it nothing to you?
Behold Me and see: pierced thro' and thro' with
countless sorrows, and all is for you;
For you I suffer, for you I die.
Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?
Oh men and women, your deeds of shame,
Your sins without reason and number and name,
I bear them all on the Cross on high!
Is it nothing to you that I bow my head?
And nothing to you that My Blood is shed?
Oh! perishing souls, to you I cry,
Is it nothing to you?
O come unto Me, by the woes I have borne,
By the dreadful scourge, and the crown of thorns
By these I implore you to hear My cry,
Is it nothing to you?
O come unto Me, this awful price,
Redemption's tremendous sacrifice,
Is paid for you.
Oh! why will ye die?
O come unto Me, for why will ye die?

RECIT. AND CHORUS.—"AFTER THIS, JESUS KNOWING THAT ALL THINGS WERE NOW ACCOMPLISHED."

After this, Jesus knowing that all things were now accomplished, saith: "I thirst." When Jesus had received the vinegar, He saith: "It is finished! Father, into Thy hands I commend My spirit," and He bowed His head and gave up the ghost.

FOR THE LOVE OF JESUS.

To be sung by the Choir and Congregation, all standing.

All for Jesus—all for Jesus,
This our song shall ever be;
For we have no hope, nor Saviour,
If we have not hope in Thee.

All for Jesus—Thou wilt give us
Strength to serve Thee hour by hour;
None can move us from Thy presence,
While we trust Thy love and power.

All for Jesus—at Thine altar
Thou wilt give us sweet content;
There dear Lord, we shall receive Thee
In the solemn sacrament.

All for Jesus—thou hast loved us;
All for Jesus—Thou hast died;
All for Jesus—Thou art with us;
All for Jesus Crucified.

All for Jesus—all for Jesus,
This the Church's song must be;
Till at last, her sons are gathered
One in love and one in Thee.—AMEN.